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Our Song and Sentiment



Wesley Carlton Smith



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HOOSIER SONG AND SENTIMENT

BY
WESLEY ORRISON SMITH



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BOSTON
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TO
MY BELOVED SON AND DAUGHTER
HURON HERBERT SMITH
AND
GERALDINE SMITH SLOAN



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THOUGHTS FOLLOWING DESPONDENCY

THE night has past,
The morn has come,
The busy world begins to hum
With vigor as of yore.
All things are new ;
The sky is fair ;
And fragrance fills the morning air
About my humble door.

Well, have they changed,
Or did I dream
My houseboat on some turbid stream,
While songbirds warbled nigh?
With friendships true
All things are new,
The world smiles right at me and you,
And hope drives back the sigh.

When vigor calls
Within the mind,
And somber thoughts give place to kind,
Sweet cheer doth beckon on.
With shout of mirth
We climb the hill ;
Upon its crest we catch the thrill
While gazing at the dawn.
We know full well

Beyond the tide,
Upon some fairer shore, our Guide
Will speak us fair;
And when shall come
At close of day
The messenger to show the way,
He'll surely meet us there.

'TIS JUNE IN INDIANA

'Tis June in Indiana
And the sky is wondrous fair ;
The clover's in the blooming
And its fragrance fills the air
From dewy morn till closing of the day.
The bee is sipping nectar
From the honey-laden flower,
And bearing it with gladness
To its queen's enchanted bower
That nestles in the orchard by the way.

The roses in my garden
Wave a greeting to the breeze,
The bluebird and the robin
Call a challenge from the trees,
And all the world is glad for leafy June.
Across the meadow's bosom,
Like the ripple on the lake,
The wind is gently creeping —
Hardly does the surface shake —
And night is robed in splendors of the moon.

The sea may boast her corals,
Fair Oregon her spruce ;
With these we wage no battle —
We only call a truce
For Indiana's clime.

Her golden fields are smiling,
Her woods are all atune
And speak in accents tender
Of the rare, sweet days of June
Which must be told in rhyme.

SPRING

SPRING is here; in swelling bud and fragrant
flower

It doth itself proclaim;
On lake and stream, in air and on the land,
Its banners are aflame.

Its life abounds; and all its laws are manifest
From every sun-kissed hill;
Its richness steals upon the soul apace
And sets the heart athrill.

The robin doth proclaim; and from its lofty
perch
The piping jay,
Filled with the witchery of the vernal hour,
Calls to the newborn day.

My soul is glad; in swelling notes of praise
Let now my song arise,
And voicing with the clear-toned lark,
Fill all the skies.

DREAMING

Oh, the mystery of dreaming,
With its swift allurements gleaming,
Leading where they will;
Inspirations round us thronging
Fill us with a nameless longing,
Bid our hearts be still.

Lo! behold a matchless morning,
Flaming banners skies adoring,
Songbirds all atune.
Here the cattle; there the woodland;
Sylvan, silent, restful Dreamland;
Perfumed winds of June.

Here the meadow, there the river,
Ocean's billow, lakelet's quiver,
Lend their mystic spell;
Till in fancy we are standing
Near the pearly river's landing
Where our loved ones dwell.

Now 'tis autumn's garnered sheaf;
Lengthened shadows, rustling leaf,
Tell of coming chill;
And beside the river's brink
Where the cattle come to drink,
Stands the lonely mill.

Midnight quiet, country homestead,
Silence golden, rest with no dread,
Steal upon the soul;
And we're sure as time is fleeting,
There shall be a happy meeting;
Death is not the goal.

Often thus our dreams come stealing,
Other days and scenes revealing
In a glory rare;
While above the skies seem bluer
And the sun of life shines truer —
All the world is fair.

PARODY

Oh, were you ne'er a schoolgirl,
And did you never chew,
And feel that swelling of the cheek
Oft felt by others, too?

Did you ne'er meet far down the street
With schoolmates not a few,
And talk of hat and this and that,
While merrily you'd chew?

And did you ne'er sit in class
And idly dream for aye,
While sunny sky and laughing eye
Bade you march, march away?

And did you ne'er smile at him
Who sat across the way,
And whisper low that none might know
The words that you would say?

O precious girl, my head's awlirl
Within your gracious smile;
But speak me fair and I declare
I'll love you all the while.

And when at last our school is past
And lessons laid aside,
Your hand I'll claim, my lovely dame,
And with me you'll abide.

A LOVE SONG

Out of their depths thou'rt calling to me,
Calling me with thine eyes;
Lo! from my heart I answer thee back,
Glad with a new surprise.

Forth from thine eyes thy soul doth shine,
Guileless and pure and free;
Timidly waits at those portals fair,
Whispers of love to me.

Glimpses I catch of a world unknown,
Blooming with roses fair;
Lovingly peering within their depths,
Eyes that are wondrous rare

Bring me a message on wingèd glance,
Tender and strong and true,
Freighted with incense subtilely rare,
Borne to my soul from you.

Out from the skies a newborn hope
Shines on my pathway clear,
Melody maketh within my heart,
Fills all the world with cheer.

MY OLD DOG JACK

FAITHFUL old Jack
Was the leader of the pack
In many a canine fray;
But that was long ago,
For as any one should know —
Ev'ry dog must have his day.

Sporty old Jack
Was a dandy on the track,
And only had to learn the way;
Just to see him chase the bunny
Was always worth your money,
But now, alas! he's had his day.

Honest old dog,
He's just within the fog
Where rosy skies are turned to gray;
No more the noise of gun
Will make him leap and run,
For he, alas! has had his day.

TO A LITTLE NIECE ON HER SIXTH
BIRTHDAY

BIRTHDAYS are glad days
At life's early morn,
Sunshine and roses
With never a thorn.

Childhood and springtime
Are symbols of joy;
Youth-time is hope-time,
Without an alloy.

THE ARMY MULE

MEPHISTO was an army mule
As trifling as they make 'em;
And if you did your back but turn,
He would your willing kindness spurn
And kick you, yes, he would, dad burn,
He, ha, he!

Mephisto was as wise a guy
As ever drew a breath;
And he could kick a pesky fly
And sugar eat and wink his eye,
And look so tired you'd think he'd die.
He, ha, he!

But do not dream that he is dead,
That solemn army mule;
Nor tickle the end anent his head
Without you're ready to take your bed,
For that 'er mule is highly bred.
He, ha, he!

Mephisto never sleeps at night,
That pesky army mule;
He chews his hay and dreams of fight,
His challenge calls with dawning light,
And whoops it up till 'tis a fright.
He, ha, he!

I sigh as I think of Mephisto's birth,
That music-loving mule;
And long for the time when our mother Earth
Shall issue the call to loose his girth,
And give him a new and a warmer berth.
He, ha, he!

ON THE FLYLEAF OF A GIFT BOOK

IN Friendship's sweet name
This volume I bring;
May it lift up your courage
And cause you to sing

A song of rejoicing,
Though long be the night
Ere the morning appear
With its banners of light.

'Tis Truth rules the world,
And her arrows of light
Shall pierce superstition
And banish the night.

For Truth is of God
And crushed will arise,
Its banners aflame
With the hope of the skies.

GRANDFATHER

THE grandfather sat in his ingle nook,
Where the sunlight softly played;
His face was wrinkled, his locks were few,
And his garments were old and frayed.

His hand was frail and his eye was dim,
But over his features a smile
Bespoke of the gentle soul within
And a heart that was free from guile.

Without, where the golden sunlight fell
And the rustle of leaf was heard,
There drifted in through the open door
The voices of child and bird.

He listened again and a voice rang clear —
'Twas the voice of his own dear Jane;
And he wondered, as backward he turned his
glance,
If he'd see her dear face in the lane.

For his dear, dear Jane was the same little
girl
Who lisped her sweet prayer at his knee,
And romped through the orchard and meadow-
land,
And shouted her childish glee

At the babbling brook as she held his hand
And sought for his loving embrace,
Which she knew would sure come
When she held him close and smilingly sought
his face.

The years had sped by, and instead of the gold,
The silver had come to stay ;
But Jane was a child for all of that,
As he dreamed of her childish way.

He saw the bare feet and heard the glad cry
As she sped over valley and hill,
Or chased the fair thing as it flitted by,
Or roamed at her own sweet will.

GOOD-NIGHT! NO DREAMS!

GENTLY the daylight has faded,
Darkness broods over the stream;
Now may your couch be attended
By slumber, but never a dream.

Sleep, sweetly sleep, till the morrow
Sheds on thy pillow its gleam;
Wake with a song and with gladness,
But slumber with never a dream.

Forth from the sky to your chamber
The moon sends her silvery beam.
You reck not her charm nor her beauty;
You sleep — but with never a dream.

Life in its wide-awake moments
May puzzle with many a theme;
But slumber should never be broken —
Just sleep, but with never a dream.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE

LEANING my head 'gainst the timeworn bark
Of a giant old oak tree,
Before me I saw through the balmy air
The voyage upon Life's sea.

And I stood there dreaming about the voyage
While leaves fell thick around,
And saw, as they fell, in each lone descent,
Some Life's ship run aground.

Upon the ship there were gay young men
Whose outlook seemed clear and bright;
But a demon had come and the young life
 crushed
When they strayed from the pathway of light.

There were winsome maids with tresses fair,
And the ring of their laughter was heard
Like the gladsome note that will outward float
From the song of some happy bird.

On the after deck, when the sun was low,
A group of mourners was seen;
On the saddened face of each one was traced
The marks of a sorrow keen.

The end of the voyage at length drew nigh,
For the harbor was just at hand.
And the voyagers all heard the final call
At the gates of the Promised Land.

AUTO TOURISTS

ERE the morning blushes red
We are speeding on our way,
With many leagues behind us
At the turning of the day.
Then our chauffeurs turn a trick,
Laying low poor "domernic,"
And we all have good old chick:
Think of that!

We are speeding up the mountain,
We are coasting down the hill,
We are rushing through the valley
By the worn-out watermill.
With our chauffeurs at the wheels,
Baby calves are changed to veals
And are eaten at our meals:
Think of that!

At last the day has faded
And we're parking by the way,
A jolly group of campers
Waiting gladly for "the hay."
Then our chauffeurs take a hike
To the orchard down the pike,
And they furnish what we like:
Think of that!

TO MY DAUGHTER ON HER ELEVENTH BIRTHDAY

DID will-o'-the-wisps in fairyland dwell
In the time of the long-ago,
When you were a child and I was a child,
And life was all aglow?

Were the flicker and flare and the golden glare
Of the jack-o'-lantern known
In the years gone by, when you and I
Only wee tots were grown?

Did a big bear crouch at the garden gate
And growl through the gloom of night,
When you were a bairn and I was a bairn,
To chill our hearts with fright?

Was the echo that came from yonder wood
In the days of the long-ago
The wail of a fairy lost and weary,
Wandering to and fro?

In the hush of the night when the stars were
 bright,
In the long-ago days of youth,
Did the darkness bring on her sable wing
Visions anew of truth?

Eleven tonight! did I hear it aright,
Or was it an idle dream?
Are we bound for the ocean's wide expanse,
Our boat on a winding stream?

Or may we not halt 'neath the blue-arched vault
Of a fair October's sky
And wait as of yore on the nearby shore,
While Time lies idly by?

Ah! no, my child, it may not be so;
Time beckons and follow we on
Through sunshine and shadow, through tempest
and storm,
To the land of Eternal Dawn.

THE RAIN UPON THE ROOF

Oh, the music of the rain upon the roof!
How it brings again the mem'ries of my youth;
They come flooding through my brain
With the patter of the rain,
With the playing of the rain upon the roof.

Oh, the rolling and the rumbling of the thunder!
How it filled my childish mind with awe and
wonder.

When it shook my little bed,
Filled was I with nameless dread
At the mighty roar and rumble of the thunder.

Oh, the deep, majestic music of the thunder!
How it seemed to thrust the very clouds asunder;
Seemed to mock old ocean's roar
As it sweeps from shore to shore,
In its restless mood of never ending wonder.

Oh, the playing of the lightning on the night!
How it brings again those floods of brilliant
light,
Turning darkness into day
For a moment, then away,
Leaving blackness and the pressing sense of
fright.

Oh, that chamber in the garret overhead!
How against its roof was placed my little bed,
Where the falling of the rain
Sang a lullaby refrain
Till my daydreams in forgetfulness had fled.

Oh, the mem'ry of the brother now at rest!
How together little faces we have pressed
In the pillow white and soft,
In that dear old cabin loft.
Shall we meet, I wonder, in that home so
blessed?

Oh, the echo of a footfall on the stair!
And the music of a sweet voice low and clear,
Bidding childish hearts be still,
Sure could come to us no ill
With the loving heart of Mother pressing near.

Now the storm might rage without,
All the thunder clap and shout,
And the lightning play in splendor round our
bed;
But our hearts could know no fear
With that dear face bending near;
With her presence every bugaboo had fled.

When the storms of life rage sore,
And the clash and mighty roar
Of the conflict seem to flood my very brain,

Then I shrink sometimes in fear
And I long again to hear
That dear voice amidst the battling of the rain.

ON SEEING A PICTURE OF THE LAWRENCE SCHOOLGIRLS

UNDER a spreading maple tree
The Lawrence schoolgirls posed;
The tall and the short, the slim, the stout,
The fair and the stubby nosed.

And with that group posed memory
Of the years along gone by,
When they indeed were schoolgirls
With bright and laughing eye.

Old-time games to mind were called
And tales of love's young dream,
With virtues of their teacher dear,
Whose boat has crossed the stream

And anchors now close by the shore
Beyond the "swelling tide,"
And there awaits the schoolgirls
Now scattered far and wide.

Little women, then, were they,
These matrons of today;
Sober thoughts were not unmixed
With frivolous and gay.

Jokes with laughter went the round,
And each one took her share;

For matron-girls, like schoolgirls,
Will never take a dare.

Toasts were given, songs were sung,
And feasting, too, was had;
And many other things were done
To make the hearts grow glad.

Loved ones in that picture
Have crossed the golden stream
That separates the *here* and *there*
As wakeful thoughts the dream.

You miss them when you gather
Around your festal board;
They've gone to join their teacher
And meet their risen Lord.

And when the years have faded
And time shall be no more,
I want that you shall meet them
Upon that golden shore.

THE STUDENT LIFE

OH, the student life is the life for me!
With its wholesome fun and its spirit free.
Like the blush of the morn or touch of the air
Is the beckoning hope that calls to me fair.

Begone, dull Care! We have naught for thee;
From thy visage grim is no need to flee;
We're a band of sprites and the song we sing
Shall swell with the joy of the budding spring.

Speed away! speed away! We will none of thee,
For the life we live shall be full and free;
As free as the eagle's wing in its flight
When its eye is fixed on the distant height.

The world may frown and the winds may blow,
And the tides of the ocean may ebb and flow;
We reck not of time and we fear not of woe,
For our hearts are light as we onward go.

We will sing! we will sing! O Knowledge dear,
As we sit at thy feet in the dawning clear,
And weave for thee garlands of rarest tints
Where the sunlight fair on the river glints.

From the distant hills in a soft refrain
The gist of our song shall return again;
So out of thy fount shall the Future drink

As it kneels at thy feet by the river's brink,
And lives anew some old, old dream
As it searches for thee in the shining stream.

MY FRIEND, THE AGENT

“THERE’S an agent, is it not,
Maggie dear, Maggie dear?
And he comes across the lot,
Maggie dear;
To the burden of his song
We shall have to listen long,
For he seemeth good and strong,
Maggie dear.

“You will stay outside the gate,
Friend of mine, friend of mine;
I would have you stand and wait,
Friend of mine;
I’ve no time to see your book,
And no love for Doctor Cook,
And not even will I look,
Friend of mine.

“But you tell me you’re a Smith;
Is it true, is it true?
That you’re of my kin and kith;
Is it true?
That your people owned no peerage,
That they traveled à la steerage,
That they pawned their duds for clearage;
Is it true?

“That you come from dear old Erin —
What is that, what is that?

Have I lost my natural hearin'?
What is that?
You're a son of our green isle?
And you've come full many a mile,
But you're stopping here a while?
What is that?

"Why, of course I'll buy your book;
That's a go, that's a go.
And I'll have a quiet look,
That's a go.
Here's some 'bacca' and a pipe,
For the time is fully ripe,
And the fleeting hours we'll swipe;
That's a go.

"While the smoke shall upward swing —
Do you hear, do you hear —
We will dance the Highland fling;
Do you hear?
We shall talk of this and that,
Of Mike Dooley, and poor Pat
Who was drowned just like a rat;
Do you hear?

"When the happy hours have fled,
Bonnie lad, bonnie lad,
And the morning flames with red,
Bonnie lad,

We will have an ‘ Irish stew —’
Just prepared for me and you,
An’ ye know what we shall do,
Bonnie lad.”

ON THE BAY OF NAPLES

WE drift on the bay of Naples
And the world swings idly by;
We dream of the land of childhood
With its smiles and its sunny sky.

And voices to us are calling
From the home beyond the sea,
As soft as the strains of music
That upward floats to me.

The breezes are softly sighing
And the shadows come and go;
With laughter and song we journey,
And the skies are bending low.

Beneath us the rippling waters,
All glorious in shade and sheen;
Beyond us the sunlit mountain
In its robes of living green.

Far off from the isle of somewhere
Come the bantering notes of a bird,
And memory comes with the singing,
Far sweeter than ever was heard.

No longer the bay's fair bosom
Enchants with its silvery sheen;
"Sweet home" looms up before us
In fancy's golden dream.

ON RECEIVING A CARD FROM A FRIEND

I CAUGHT the thought intended
In the card you mailed to me,
But 'fess that on the *wishes*
I am wholly "out at sea."

Were they tiny little wishes
From the fairies in the wood,
Bearing hope for my improvement
And a prayer that I be good,

Or just the "season's greetings"
To the "Man beside the road,"
To cheer him on his journey
And lighten up his load?

Your answer I am waiting
Where sunbeams idly play;
I'm hoping you will answer
Ere shall pass another day.

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 20, 1881

MANTLED in snow, the world below
Looks cold and drear;
And upward we seek, with spirit meek,
For help and cheer.

Out of the sky with laughing eye
King Sol looks down,
And smiles in peace at the whitened fleece
Of the gray old town.

But his smile is gone like the careless song
Of a gay young cavalier,
And the joy it brought was hardly wrought
Till it vanished with a tear.

But we should be glad and never sad,
As changes are ushered in,
That the sunshine we know, wherever we go,
Bides our own hearts within.

NIGHT AT HOME

My "blinds" are drawn
And I'm alone
Save for my old clock's monotone,
Which ticks away in drowsy glee
And bids the rapid moments flee,
From Hinterland to distant thee.

Without, the winds may rift and roar
And rattle at my parlor door,
But touch me not at all;
For in this nook but good cheer dwells,
Fond fairies work their mystic spells,
And Ease and Comfort call.

Wouldst thou with me its pleasures share
And visions see of treasures rare?
Then wave thy magic wand;
Upon the air and over sea
The rarest thoughts float out to me,
And I shall understand.

For distance may not limit thought,
And time and space be set at naught
Within the mind's sweet way;
So shall we gather daisies fair,
And twine them in thy glossy hair
With song and laughter gay.

THE TWO MESSAGES

Out of the South a harsh note came
Sounding, sounding, sounding;
Calling out here and there a blame,
Bringing to cheek a blush of shame,
And into the blood a leap of flame
Pounding, pounding, pounding.

Up from the South one winter's day,
Lightly, lightly, lightly,
Floated a message of love and cheer
Bearing the burden of all the year,
Brushing aside the doubt and the fear
Brightly, brightly, brightly.

Which is the message that thou wouldst choose,
Truly, truly, truly?
The one that should make the spirit sad,
Or banish the thoughts of the evil and bad
And fill you with those of the good and the
glad?
Ponder it duly, duly.

Life is too short to imagine ills,
Deary, deary, deary;
Burdens there are both real and true,
Tasks that are standing for us to do,
Something that calls unto me and to you,
Cheery, cheery, cheery.

Shall we not, then, the better forgive
Quickly, quickly, quickly?
Casting the stinging retort away,
Looking for kind things we may say,
Wishing the good with each newborn day,
Gleichlich, gleichlich, gleichlich?

GOOD HEALTH

THE fairest, the sweetest, the dearest boon
That our pilgrimage earthly may know,
That can give us a smile and a word worth
while

To the fellow that with us would go,
That will hearten all life, give our thanks to
the wife

For her courage and help in the fight,
And make life seem sweet to the one we may
meet

Who is striving to win for the right, is —
Good health.

Oh, treasure it, care for it, prize it as gold,
Garner it gladly as you're growing old,
Help those about you its blessings to reap,
Let not your powers for giving it sleep;
Then from the star-jeweled regions above,
Where fairest angels chant stories of love,
Shall descend on you in measure supreme
Blessings far richer than all you could dream.
Then from among them in choosing be bold;
Take you this boon that is better than gold —
Good health.

TO A FORMER PUPIL

YOUR wishes, pupil dear,
This time were very clear,
And I'll treasure them each one with loving
 care;
Though I live to be fourscore,
I'll forget them nevermore,
And will keep them with my treasures rich and
 rare.

In that little "cedar chest,"
With the keepsakes of the blest,
Where mem'ries bright are hidden from the
 view,
I shall safely tuck away
All the nice things you may say,
And often they shall make me think of you.

Then some misty, moisty day
When my mind is far away
And memory shall haunt the backward track,
I shall hale them into sight
And shall laugh with my delight
As the fragrance of their incense cometh back.

Then it's dreaming I shall be,
And I'll close my eyes and see
Many faces of the happy long-ago;

'Haps I'll waken with a start
And a pain about my heart,
'Cause so many of the dear ones had to go.

But "He doeth all things well,"
Is the story I would tell
To the weak and weary-hearted by the way;
In some sweeter, fairer clime
We shall voice the theme divine
Of redemption and of life's eternal day.

MR. GROUND HOG

Howdy! Mister Ground Hog,
How do you do?
Been a mighty long time
Since I last saw you.

Springtime has faded,
Summer come and gone.
Tell me, Mister Ground Hog,
Why away so long?

Autumn with its sunshine,
Winter with its cold;
Surely, Mister Ground Hog,
You are growing old.

Any little "hoggies"
Hiding in your nest,
Snugly tucked away
'Cause you love 'em best?

Ah! you saucy ground hog,
Sly old fox are you,
Posing as a weather-man:
Tell us what's to do.

A PALACE OF HOME

THERE'S a "mystical palace of home"
Which beckons wherever we stray —
By valley or lake, through deep-tangled brake,
O'er ocean or starlighted bay.

Ere Day sends his shafts through the dawn
And pierces its shadows with light;
When the spell of the hour is present in power
And the day god stands forth on the night;

When Morn lifts her head in the east
And mountain peaks glow with her light;
When breezes are blowing and cattle are lowing
And swallows are seen in their flight;

When mists from the valley are drifting
And landscapes appear to the view;
Where waters are falling and songbirds are
calling
And glad hearts are beating for you —

Oh, then, and oh, there, that dear home
Doth lure us by night and by day,
'Till hearts are aflame when we breathe the sweet
name
As we travel life's turbulent way.

THAT CALENDAR

'Tis not because 'tis winter
Nor mantled the earth with snow;
'Tis not because the trees are bare
That in the picture show;

It is because, O sly one,
A face looks out to see,
And puts the simple question,
“Were you expecting me?”

Was I expecting thee, dear girl,
To call a challenge fair,
While from those saucy eyes there spoke,
“I'll never take a dare”?

As well expect the fleecy clouds
That marshal overhead
To whisper to the maple tree
The thoughts you've never said.

As well expect a bashful swain
To say, “You're looking sweet”;
Or bid a staid old fellow ask
To kneel there at your feet —

To kneel there in “The Beautiful,”
And freeze his pesky feet
While gazing at the maple near
And trying to say, “You're sweet.”

All this is in the calendar
That on my table lies
And beckons cross the picket fence
With glad and laughing eyes.

OLD ERIN

YOUR hills are the rarest,
Your women the fairest,
Your men are the squarest
The sky e'er hung o'er;
Blest, blest Tipperary,
The home of my Mary,
My own little fairy
Who stands at her door.

Her eyes are the bluest,
Her heart is the truest,
Her faults are the fewest
Of ladies galore;
I'm pining to hold her,
Completely enfold her,
Her head on my shoulder,
In front of her door.

For her I'll be dying,
(At least I'll be trying)
Yea, even be flying
O'er hill and wild moor;
I'll meet in her garden
The dear Dolly Varden,
If none shall be guardin'
Her own cabin door.

AMO — AMAS — AMAT

Out of your beckoning eyes of blue,
Fairer than sunlit skies,
Springs a greeting that calls me to you
Straight as the arrow flies.

Sound of your voice I may not hear,
Girl of the winsome eye,
Nevertheless the call is clear,
Like as the dove's low cry.

Forth from your eyes steals fair young love,
Gentle as zephyr of spring,
Calling as sweet as the mating dove,
Bidding my own heart sing.

This is the message that comes to me;
Swift will I heed its call,
Standing under the chestnut tree
Close by your garden wall:

“Down where the clear spring bubbles up
Meet me at eventide,
Fill to the brim my loving cup
Out of your own heart's tide.”

TO A ROBIN

I HEARD you singing your mating song,
Into the evening sky,
Perched aloft on the topmost bough,
Over the earth so high.

Whence your joy, O bonny bird,
Caroling forth so free?
All of the world is glad for you,
Won by your happy glee.

Over your crest a lingering ray
Gives you a crown of light,
Kisses the earth in its onward march
Into the fold of night.

Over the earth the shadows creep,
Silent and dark and long,
Shutting away the daylight fair,
Hushing your mating song.

Happy bird of the springtime fair,
Tell us your secret true;
Know you aught of the Father's care
Out of the sky's deep blue?

Have you a thought that He cares for you
Ever the live-long day,
Counting your joys on His rosary
Over the Milky Way,

Watching your flight in the newborn day,
Minding with jealous care,
Pausing not in His love for you,
Guarding from every snare?

If unto you such love is given
Out of the Father's care,
Why should not we, His children true,
Come to Him everywhere?

AN EASTER GREETING

OLD college chum, the time is here;
The Eastertide is drawing near;
And I shall try to make it clear
How many eggs I've hid.

Your question is a *timely* one,
And breathes of golden days we've done —
Of merry quips and sport and fun
And college stunts we did.

As many eggs I've hid away
As bottles had we on that day —
Save only one;
Across our lawn the sunshine lay,
And we were full of life and gay —
Our work undone.

But now the silv'ry hair has come;
Our thoughts go back; we idly drum,
And dream the while;
Our journey oft was rough and steep,
The pathway sometimes hard to keep
On many a mile.

But you are now a doctor great,
With patients oft that idly wait
To take their turn;

Of Blackstone I was somewhat fond —
Of hunting, fishing in the pond,
With idle time to burn.

Beyond the tide that sets at last
May loyal Friendship hold us fast
In her embrace;
Oh, then we'll sing the songs we knew
And talk of loved ones tried and true,
By His good grace.

BE YOUNG IN HEART, THOUGH OLD IN YEARS

HAVE you fallen away from that gladsome day
When life was in its spring?
Do your thoughts grow sear with the passing
year?
Does your heart no longer sing?

Do the moon's fair beams multiply your dreams
When the soul drinks in the night?
Does the starlit sky from its archway high
Bring a vision anew of right?

Does the whispering breeze in the maple trees
Steal from your shoulders the years?
Does it bring you the joy of the barefooted
boy
With a heart that is free from fears?

If you dwell no more by the flower-lined shore
Of childhood's laughing stream,
And feel not the joy of a glad-hearted boy,
Or the charm of his simple dream —

You've missed the good part of the simple heart
That seeks not for gold but for men;
Your vision is bound to the lowly ground
In the *now* and the coming *then*.

The hills may be bright with the autumn's light,
The valleys with flowers abloom;
They reveal not the story of nature's rich glory
To him who is 'mersed in gloom.

AN ICONOCLASTIC MOUSE

A TEENSEY, weensey mouse
Slyly crept within my house
Where I dwelt by the king's broad way.
For the color did you call?
I remember not at all,
But it must have been a plain mouse-gray.

It found reposing there
Many trophies rich and rare
Slowly gathered from the king's domain ;
These it calmly rent and tore,
Idly cast upon the floor,
Heeding not at all my bitter cry of pain.

Here it took a lily fair
That had twined within the hair
Of a friend, both true and faithful all the years ;
And it tore it, bit by bit,
Leaving not a single whit,
And I stood there only laughing through my
tears.

Next my rosary it took,
Sought my cozy ingle nook,
And every bead it counted one by one ;
Then it snapped the silken cord
That sustained my precious hoard
And slyly laughed when all its work was done.

E'en a little chamber fair
That I called my "place of prayer,"
Where countless inspirations had been given,
Was most calmly overturned
And its contents gently spurned,
And all its hallowed mem'ries forth were driven.

O you naughty, naughty mouse!
To thus invade my house
And havoc play with what you there did find;
Yet, mousie dear, you see
I can never bid you flee,
For all the while I know that love is blind.

CRUCIFIXION AND RESURRECTION

The silence of night lay upon Olivet. The rays of a silver moon shot athwart her rugged brow. The shadows of the gnarled and ancient olives spread like a dark patchwork upon her quiet valleys. No note of bird or stir of leaf broke the stillness. Down yonder where the hem of the valley dips to the brook Kedron, twelve men appear, moving with quiet, stately step. Now their cowls show forth dark and mysterious in the subdued light of the valley, and again are lost in the shadows. The awful crisis of the mightiest moral battle in all the annals of time was about to occur. Both heaven and earth were vitally interested in the issue of that test. The Son of Man, conscious of the nature of that test as no other ever has been of impending agony, cried unto the Father, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me"; but the Savior of the world, the only Begotten of the Father, in a spirit of filial obedience which has challenged the admiration of all chivalrous souls from that time to this, added, "nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt." And because the whole earth needed lifting up, the sacrificial compact was sealed in the blood of the Son.

BEREFT of hope, with burdened hearts
 and downcast eyes
His followers drew away.
From out their lives, in torture and humility,
 had passed their friend
On that momentous day.

Despair upon each saddened face,
 once radiant with hope,
Had cast her mantle grim.

In all the awful wreck and ruin
 of that mysterious hour
They read no trace of him.

And Nature, too, in stately confirmation
 made manifest her concord
That sad and fateful hour.
In clefted rock, in quiv'ring earth,
 in sundered temple veil,
She shadowed forth her power.

But now a change behold!
The Lord of life has risen
Triumphant over death.
It is the happy Easter morn,
And anxious ones are waiting
With tense and bated breath.

No longer dwells He in that tomb,
Bleak emblem of mortality,
But swift as light has risen.
On mountain top, in lowly vale,
Where'er dwell the sons of men,
A boundless hope is given.

To those who wear the fetters forged
 by dark and dread despair,
He comes as comes the light.
Like mists of morn that disappear
 before the king of day,
So scatters He their night.

To humble souls with vision bound
 He comes with power divine,
And satisfies their longing.
Like flocks of birds at eventide
 that gather in some forest fair,
New views of life come thronging.

From out the impulse born of hope,
 clear streams of love
Have channeled deep in human life.
Upon their banks have blossomed forth
 peace, charity, and gentleness,
In place of hatred, discord, strife.

And as the Master while on earth
 ne'er weary grew in doing good
Where need most pressing seemed,
So now the new and better race of men,
 in forest, busy mart, and field,
Dares do the things He did and dreamed.

TO A NEW YORK LADY GUEST

STATE of the dual emblem,
Fair empire of the East,
Thy sons and daughters honor thee
In warfare and in peace.

The maple green upon thy crest
Gives shelter to the rose;
Thy name is known from zone to zone
Wherever commerce goes.

Thy vine-clad hills seem fairer,
Thy valleys richer are
Than far-famed vales of Cashmere
Or Afric's golden bar.

And gleaming in the sunlight
Thy purple hills among,
Thy limpid lakes are fairest
Of all by poets sung.

The Nile is old in story;
Midst castles flows the Rhine;
But thou alone, old Hudson,
Of rivers art divine.

Thy noble Adirondacks
Thy poet proudly sings
Where'er the sun in glory
His crimson banner flings.

Thou daughter of an empire,
Fair region of the blest,
Accept from us this greeting
As Hoosiers of the West.

TO MY FRIEND, JACOB ELLSWORTH
HINSHAW

FORTY-NINE, did you say? Fling the record
away,
For I'm sure that it does not speak true;
Only moments do count in the soul's upward
mount
To the heights of the sky's deep blue.

Life's measured by deeds, to the fearless who
leads
In the battle that's waged for the right;
He dwells in the dust whose keen blade suffers
rust
When humanity calls to the fight.

Alone? Yes and no; when faced by the foe,
Thousands seven have never yet kneeled;
Brave Gideon's band is ever at hand
When a hero shall take to the field.

"Be of good cheer," is the message we hear
From the lips that speak infinite love;
"My help shall not fail when thy foes most as-
sail,"
Is the word of thy Father above.

LINES FOR THE ALBUM OF MISS
BONNER

WHILE yet the year was in its lusty youth
And every bud with golden promise fraught,
When still the air was filled with sweets
From gardens, fields, and tangled wildwood
brought,

This volume, filled with many a friendly token
In words of love and truth most fitly spoken,
Came round that I a place therein might find
And thus a corner have within your friendly
mind.

.
Promise gives place to the ripe fruit of Autumn;
The *hope* of the seedtimes, the harvest makes
sure;
'Tis the thought of fulfillment that beckons us
onward;
The diamond, though hidden, yet acts as a lure.

My promise went forth in the springtime;
With the Summer it strengthened and grew;
And now, as the autumn shades lengthen,
By the great law of Nature 'tis due.

RURAL SOCIABILITY

“How’s your little chickens, Liza? Mine’s a
doin’ fine;

Got a hundred fifty odd — ye oughter see ’em
shine.

Old-fashioned Domernickers is good enough fer
me;

No highferlutin’ chickens is a roostin’ on our
tree.

“Just common, everyday, good old-fashioned
chicks —

Nothin’ more ner less, I say, than plain old
Domernicks;

Kind that talks o’ mornin’s, about the peek o’
day,

An’ tells you purty plain, I guess, ’at he is here
to stay.

“Find ’em roamin’ fur an’ wide, a-pickin’ up the
bugs;

They’re not the kind you keep alive by wrappin’
them in rugs.

No, siree! They’re up and off as soon as it is
light,

Always ready fer a bug er spilin’ fer a fight.

“Sassy? Well, I reckon so; you oughter see
’em talk;

'Gin to notice what's a doin' as soon as they kin
walk.

Sometimes if there is danger a-lurkin' in the air,
They'll call the whole caboodle and form a hol-
low square.

" Just like soldiers on the field afore they have
to fight —

A-marchin' here and yonder and a-callin' left
and right.

The rooster is the major, and he calls the orders
straight;

There's no such thing in his command as ever
bein' late.

" Fer if you're late, he calls you an' you sneak
away an' hide

An' take your chance with danger er whatever
may betide,

An' the only consolation 'ats offered to you then,
Is never, *never*, NEVER to do the like again.

" Fer if you're late a second time, he reads the
riot call,

An' then you're left to cackle beyond the garden
wall —

Out where the hawks kin git you, er the weasel
er the mink,

An' send you into kingdom come afore your
eye kin wink.

“ Oh, the dear old Dominicker is the bird that
takes my eye,
Fer if the flood should come again, you’d find
him roostin’ high.
He’d beat the waters to it jest as sure as you
are born,
An’ be right there when mornin’ came the other
chicks to warn.”

A PICTURE

ON the wall of my lady's chamber,
In her villa by the sea,
You may look upon a picture
That has long enchanted me.

'Tis a story of life's struggles,
Of a courage brave and strong
That has battled for the victory
In the strife 'twixt right and wrong.

Musing now upon the picture,
I can hear the clear-toned call
Sounding forth to all the ages
From the time of man's first fall

'Tis the call to all life's heroes
For a spirit brave and true,
For a will that stands for purpose,
And a heart to dare and do.

Shall we heed the pictured message
And resolve anew to fight
In the cause of human freedom,
In the struggle for the right?

Or shall we worship goodness
While we calmly stand and wait,
Leaving the fight to heroes,
And trusting that somehow fate

Shall bring us at last to the portal
Where manhood stands supreme
In the glory of achievement
In the sunset's mellow gleam?

MOMENTS

LIFE is formed of little moments,
Some of them of golden hue,
Some as bright as Summer's sunshine,
Other some of *wretched* blue —

Moments rife with pain or pleasure,
Friendships strong or hatreds deep,
Moments that are meant for laughter,
God-appointed ones to weep.

Shall we learn a lesson from these
Little moments fleeting by?
Listen to the message given,
“ Act, then, *act* before you die.”

TO MY FATHER ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

IN the olden days when the poplar tall
Raised its proud head to the azure blue,
And caught in the wealth of its shining crown
The priceless gems of the sparkling dew ;

When the gnarled oak tree, sturdy and strong,
Stood like a sentinel brave and bold,
And flung out its arms to the Summer's wind,
Nor trembled at all at the Winter's cold —

There came to the woodlands, brawny and spare
The bold pioneer on his " Westward ho ! "
And builded his cabin with courage rare,
Near where the spring's tide murmured low.

That was a task that could challenge *men*
Filled with a purpose to dare and to do ;
Winning a home from the forest wild,
Carving it out for me and for you.

Humble it was and lowly withal,
But there abode faith and hope and love ;
Welcome was stranger to share its store
Garnered from earth and the sky above.

Eighty long years ! That is full fourscore ;
Wonderful years crowded full to the brim
With toil and achievement given for us
Who gather this day to remember him.

From meager clearing to broad, fertile field ;
From the lowly hut to the mansion fair ;
From sickle and scythe, with their mead of toil,
To the matchless reaper's onward sweep,
Is a forward stride in the world's great race
That reads like a tale from a volume rare.

ON HEARING A SERMON

FROM God's eternal hills above
His matchless love descends,
Warms into life our struggling faith
And with our spirits blends.

Though low on life's horizon
Despair's dark clouds shall roll,
The sunshine of His presence
May lighten up the soul

And put to flight the somber thoughts
Which veil from us the view
Of the radiance and the splendor
In the good that we can do.

Then to the everlasting hills afar
Your weary soul uplift,
And catch the gleam of sunshine
That trembles at the rift

For him whose look is upward
To the sun-crowned hills above,
Where life doth spring supernal
From the Master's boundless love.

HOPE

IN the fair morn of life,
Ere a cloud of deception
Has darkened the sky of a future all bright,
The day-star of hope
In the heavens above us
Brings joy on the beams of its soft, silver
light —
A light that to human hearts
Burdened with sorrow,
Bears the joy, the comfort
And peace of the morrow.

EVENING

FAR up in the thin, blue air
The crow now homeward flies ;
While westward toward the setting sun,
His daily course now almost run,
The fleecy clouds, piled fold on fold,
Are lighting up the skies.

Out from each rugged peak
That tips some golden mount,
A gleam of pure silv'r-grey,
Fit harbinger of closing day,
Trembles a moment paramount,
Then lightly drifts away.

But long enough it rested there,
Airy and light and gay,
Flashing its rays of hope and cheer
Into some life that was sad and drear,
To steal through the lattice of her who wept
And warm her sad heart with its cheerful ray.

CHILDHOOD'S CALL

At eventide, when the sun is low
And the sky is streaked by its afterglow,
When the gentle dews begin to 'still
Where the shadows lengthen beyond the hill,
There comes to me through memory's aisle
The artless prattle of a darling child.

Like music it falls on the waiting ear
With a cadence so sweet and a tone so clear
That I answer back, "Come, come, my dear,
To the father's arms as he waits you here";
Then outward I reach for a little hand —
But clasp it I know that I never can.

And all the night long in the silence deep,
As the hours glide by with majestic sweep,
My heart is a-hungry, my eyelids weep,
And my feet a-weary would climb the steep
For a glimpse of my child whose sweet voice I
 hear
As it drifts unto me from the shadows drear.

But it may not be thus; the years have fled;
The bow has been bent and the arrow sped
On its outward course, and it comes no more
With the flow of the tide to the nearby shore.
So the years have departed and lie there dead,
With the fragrance of youth-time long since fled.

DA VINCI AND THE PICTURE

WITH brush in hand, Da Vinci
Before the canvas sat, depressed;
No ray of light his mind illumed,
His soul was sore distressed.

In one transcendent moment
The Lord of life vouchsafed his grace;
But anger 'gainst his friend swept o'er his soul
And lost to him the sweet, inspiring face.

Upon the canvas, cruel, harsh,
A Judas flashed his hateful greed;
The painter's soul had wrought the look
That made his friend perform the deed.

Hatred in Da Vinci's soul
With love could not abide;
The cruel wrong he did his friend
Had thrust the good aside.

In vain the Master's face he sought,
No more there came the beatific smile;
The evil he had done was unforgiven;
His soul was dark with bitter guile.

Painters are we in pigments rich and rare
Upon life's canvas, stained by many a flaw;
Our thoughts the brushes and our deeds the art,
Censored ever by undeviating law.

THE WINTER WIND

I MARVEL at the capers of the wind
As it fiercely gathers round my window blind
With its swish and whish and whwoo,
With its *will* and *dare* and *do*,
Seeking every nook and cranny it may find.

Now it moves with gentle measure down the
street,
Lightly scatters fairy snowflakes at my feet;
And once more I'm just a boy
Filled with laughter and with joy,
And my snowball whizzes on its journey fleet.

Now it tarries by the forest and the stream
In a sort of lazy, hazy, languorous dream,
Bringing thoughts of summer days
And of green and pleasant ways,
With the brightness and the swiftness of a
gleam.

Once more it smites with fierceness at my
door;
Like a giant in its fury doth it roar
Till it makes the hedges quake,
And the very earth to shake,
And the shivers swift to shoot across my floor.

But with tropic heat my fire beats back the
frost,
Drives it quickly o'er the threshold where it
crossed;
There it lies and pants awhile
Like some willful, pouting child,
Then is gathered by the Frost King and is lost.

From the darkness of the night there comes a
wail
Like the sad notes of a spirit, worn and pale
With its vigils of the night
And its longings for the light,
Which trembles at the dawn yet does but fail.

'Tis the wailing of the Frost King in the air,
Seeking what he may devour that's bright and
fair;
With a quick and stealthy tread
From his kingdom hath he fled,
And his footprints marked with death are every-
where.

CHILDHOOD'S DAY

A PARODY

How dear to the heart are the brooks where we
 angled

When springtime with flowers had brightened
 the land;

When gaily we hied over sweet-scented meadows
To brooks on whose banks shone the pearly white
 sand.

How large in our fancy those dear little min-
 nows

When boyish endeavor had made them our prey,
And, dancing on high, as our bended pins held
 them,

They seemed little whales in our child's light of
 day —

A day full of promise, so soon to glide from us
When come riper years and hairs turning to
 gray.

A crown for those pleasures! the dearest of
 treasures

That gladden the heart of the man-aping boy;
Since cheer is a beacon with many a blessing,
Oh, turn his young ills into unclouded joy!

“He's nothing to bear,” says a sturdy old
 father;

“His griefs are as nothing; his spirit is gay.
You've only to flog him and keep him a-going,

And he'll make a man in his own time and
day."—

A day full of promise, so soon to glide from us
When come ripper years and hairs turning to
gray.

Ah! manhood's estate brings us many a treasure
To gladden the man-heart and lighten the care,
And business pursuits full of infinite pleasure,
With monied exchanges that glitter and glare:
But back of them all is a green, sunny island
Where Mother is queen and her subjects not
men,

Where ripples of laughter and sunshine are
mingled,

And small are the clouds on that day to our ken.
A day full of promise, so soon to glide from us
When come ripper years and hairs turning to
gray.

TO MY FRIEND, DR. E. N. CANADA

I MET him in the Hall of Fame,
And, anxious, sought his proper name,
He quickly said, "You're in the game —
Can-a-da."

"It was not for your food I sought,
Nor where you buy or what you bought."
He answered, "You're a dandy naught —
Canada."

I looked into his laughing eye
And thought to have another try;
And this time swift he made reply,
"*Canada.*"

"What odds to me from whence you came;
I wish to know your proper name."
Again he said, "You're rather tame —
Cana-da."

"You must be mad or lame or sore
To answer thus, and o'er and o'er."
"I'll tell you, then," he said, "once more —
Can-a-da."

"What shall I do or where shall go?
Your proper name I have to know."
"I'm sure," he said, "you're very slow —
Why, Canada, of course."

WHEN MARY HAS A MAN

THE skies take on a rosy hue,
The nights distill a sweeter dew,
The bluebirds don a brighter blue,
When Mary has a man.

The robin sings a gayer note,
Old William is a better goat,
And Sandy is a nicer shoat,
When Mary has a man.

The fireflies make a finer show,
The cattle sound a fonder low,
The cabbage seems to swifter grow,
When Mary has a man.

The daisies gently bend and nod,
And happy is the goldenrod;
All nature seems a-praising God,
When Mary has a man.

When Mary has a man, ah, dear!
It seems to clear the atmosphere;
No longer are the moments drear,
When Mary has a man.

Will years roll on in grand attune,
Will marriage prove a gladsome boon
With every day a honeymoon,
When Mary has a man?

SAMBO'S COURTING

Huccum you all done bain fum home
Whain Sambo comes a-co'tin'?
You all suah knows when Sa'day comes
'Tis dain I goes a-spo'tin'.

Now honcs' fess an' doan digress,
I'll naiver stan' no foolin';
A knows a bit, ahm tellin' hit
F'a naiver had no schoolin'.

Shucks! whut's de use, yuh li'l goose,
A-trailin' wif yuh 'fections?
Lay baiah yuh heart, le's make a start,
An' latah talk of 'fections.

No 'fections goes if Sambo knows
Whut's in dis kinky noggin;
Dat ole black crow, he shorely know
Yuh 'fections need a joggin'.

Ma heart acts queah; say, 'cain't yuh heah?
Ma soul am suah repinin'.
Dain quit yuh kiddin' and do ma biddin',
We all will soon be j'inin'.

Den happy bells will fill de dells
Upon dis ole plantashun;
We all will sing twell de sky shall ring
Wif de happy jubilashun.

SHALL WE TRUST HIM?

SHALL we ever dare to trust Him as a child?
Will we leave the lonely hillside bare and wild,
And rally at His feet as He treads the busy
street,
And learn to smile on others as He smiled?

Shall we go into the valley if there's need?
Gladly lay aside the burden of our greed,
And in His precious name heal the sick and halt
and lame,
Knowing always that the captive shall be freed?

Shall we give the cup of water in His name?
Will we hold our peace in silence if there's
blame?
Will we loyal be and true all the pilgrim journey
through,
Seeking not the luring thing that men call fame?

HER PARLOR DECORATIONS

THERE were boughs from the tall, stately maple,
Brightest flowers of the grass-grown hill,
With willows agleam from the slow-winding
stream,
And flags from the pond at the mill.

Slender "lamb-tongues" but never a lambkin,
Yellow "cow-slips" with nowhere a cow,
And rare "kitten-breeches" all made without
stitches —

Will the fair ones please answer us how?

Here the "Wandering-Jew," not by Eugene
Sue,
Clung close to the gilded wall;
While from mantel and stairway, in a mazy and
rare way,
Were palm trees both graceful and tall.

Here a "pink" of perfection lent charm to a
section
Full crowded with trophies both common and
rare;
But "tulips" can't tell (and doubtless 'tis well)
Of the grace and the charm that were every-
where.

SIN'S TOLL

A BROWN-HAIRED lad from his home went forth
When the summer days were long;
His hopes ran high, there was light in his eye,
And purpose both steady and strong.

Far, far from his father's roof roamed he,
And a song was upon his lips;
And away went he from the billowy sea
With its burden of mighty ships.

Aye, forth went he with a thirst for the new,
From the scenes of his early youth;
And in stranger land from his own home-clan
He forgot the sweet ways of truth.

Then skies grew dark and the night let down
And the glamour of summer fled;
His heart grew sore as he dreamed of the shore,
And wondered if Mother were dead.

He would forth from the land where the stranger
dwelt
And speed him away to the bounding sea;
From the sweet mother-face every care he would
chase
And he'd laugh and he'd shout in his happy glee.

But alack! and alas! on one fateful day
When the Tempter was near and he knew it not,
The fair name he bore in his home by the shore
Was blackened and smirched by an awful blot.

Like many another who bravely fled
From the scenes of Duty's clear, sweet call,
He had found a bitter Gethsemane
To mark the sad scene of his early fall.

After all, in the cup with its bitter dregs
A potion with healing balm shall be;
And out of the sickness of sin, perchance,
A better life shall the laddie see.

The Father above in His matchless love
Guardeth us well all the journey through;
He giveth us cheer when skies are drear
And sends us the rain and the sparkling dew.

RURAL OPTIMIST

“ LAND o’ Goshen ! ’Liza,
Cohn’s a-lookin’ fine ;
Taters, too, ’s a-buggin’,
Ever’ thing’s in line.

“ ’Pears like all creation’s
Humpin’ of herself,
Stockin’ of the pantry,
Loadin’ of the shelf.

“ Nearly half the county’s
Ownin’ of a Ford,
Goin’ to meetin’ Sundays
Fer to praise the Lord.

“ Walkin’s kind o’ lonesome —
Sorter common, too ;
Soon we’ll be a-flyin’
All the journey through.”

TWILIGHT AND DAWN

Lo! appears the purple light,
Day is fading into night;
Soon the stars will twinkle bright
In the blue above.
Little birds within the nest
Feel the loving mother-breast
Ere they snuggle down to rest,
Watched by mother love.

Softly on the summer breeze
Come the voices of the trees,
Lulling us to quiet ease,
When the day is done.
Over us the splendor falls
From the night's enchanted halls,
Trembles on our palace walls
When the night has won.

Later comes the quiet hush,
Ere the morning's rosy flush
Wakes anew the singing thrush,
Harbinger of day.
There beyond the paling moon,
Waiting to be ushered soon,
Halts a perfect day of June,
Ready by the way.

ON THE EVE OF COMMENCEMENT

I NOTICED you this morning, Jennie,
Looking off with saddened eye
To the distant woods, slow waving,
Seeing not the things 'twere nigh.

And I wondered, as I watched you,
If the future's glowing page
Did not picture scenes before you
Not unworthy of the sage.

For the time is fast approaching
When the golden tinted ray
Of the friendly hope that binds us
Shall be merged in that great day.

We grow wise most by the measure
Of the time that we employ,
But it is the event fashions
What shall be our future joy.

CLASS POEM, 1880

I

'Twill be a rare pleasure, some day when recalling

The days spent in college, Old Alma, the blest,
When low on the mountains the shadows are creeping

And soft winds are sighing where purples the
West,

To know in the valley, where *Brown* leaves are
falling,

Miles away from thy portals, O college most
dear,

Though down to but *Nichols* our fortune has
drifted,

There is hope for us yet in thy love and good
cheer.

With *Lucas* for captain, *A. Leachman* for pilot,
Our gallant ship, *Class*, shall sail o'er life's
main;

And when at the portal at last we shall anchor,
From the shore may we hear, "They have lived
not in vain."

Our *Wagner* may write and compose a sweet
sonnet;

Our *Erie* may sing with the lark at the morn;

“The Five” without swords may win in fair
battle;
But *Willis* shall startle us all with the horn.

In prose composition dear *Lina* shall lead us;
In logic *Abe Halleck* shall startle the world;
While Emily Levina, a *classical mourner*,
Shall wave in the heavens our banner unfurled.

II

Great *George!* would you know it, the secret is
coming,
And duty demands that with Fate we shall cope;
And *Smith* of our fortunes, we'll strip for the
battle,
Pausing not in the fray till secure is “Our
Hope.”

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